

Good Morning

748

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Burglars are Funny

YOU never know what burglars will do. The roof of the famous Bridge of Sighs in Venice, with four tons of lead, was stolen some years ago.

When the metal was much in demand during the period of re-armament, thefts of the heaviest objects were so common that a law paper commented that even the garden roller was not safe unless chained! And talking of garden rollers, a strange theft not long ago was of a garden lawn.

The owner had cultivated it with pride. He went on holiday. When he returned there was a muddy patch where his beautiful lawn had been. A gang of men had appeared with a lorry, cut the turves and disappeared. Neighbours, seeing them at work with professional tools, had assumed the owner had sold the grass for turves.

A famous six-foot skeleton that sat in the prisoner's cell of an ancient house at Huddesdon was stolen in 1937. The thief, perhaps, was not so crazy as he seemed. A good skeleton costs a fair sum, as the demand from medical students is great.

But some of the queer booty has undoubtedly been taken by crazy thieves. There was the famous case of the theft of the masterpiece "Mona Lisa," by da Vinci, from the Louvre, Paris. The loot was unsaleable. Such a famous picture could never have been sold without attracting attention. But the thief did not sell it.

He was eventually found in a garret kneeling in adoration before the marvellous portrait, which he had taken, he explained, to save it being desecrated by the gaze of common tourists!

Good night story for W/E Fred Crook

THERE is a door in the kitchen of No. 1 Belmont Park Estate, Yapton, Sussex, which shows carefully graded pencil marks on the cream paint—pencil marks which rise slowly but surely upwards. They mark the growth of those two lively sons of yours, Warrant Engineer Fred Crook.

There is not much that is saintlike about either John or Peter, but they will provide you with endless fun when you get home again.

Meanwhile, though your wife finds them something of a handful, she still manages to look as well as ever, as you can see from the picture.

Both the boys were ready for bed when we called, so that will explain the pyjamas, although if you are aware of their passion for dressing up you might think they were pretending to be a new type of Red Indian.

Perhaps if the frog your two sons tried to rear had sampled some of the garden produce, it would have lived to a ripe old age. It had many favours bestowed upon it from tadpolehood, and reached froghood at last, complete with the four legs that John and Peter were so anxious to see.

But one morning Froggy sank to the bottom and didn't come up any more. John, with his knowledge of this kind of thing from long choir practice, performed the appropriate ceremony, and the lamented pet now lies at rest.

Your wife told us that we had called on the anniversary of your wedding, and wished this occasion very many happy returns. She added that she is very much looking forward to those cycle trips you used to make together, especially as the boys now have their own bicycles.

The cup of excellent tea your wife (and her mother, who was on a visit from Portsmouth) gave us brought very

appreciative comment from us, and this reminded her to tell us the latest news of her sister Gwen. She wants to come and stay at your home, so that she, too, can learn to be a good housewife.

The reason for this sudden domestic zeal is that when her fiancé returned from Burma, she decided the best thing would be for her to get married before he went back—so she did.

In two days everything was



arranged and Gwen changed her name, looking very gay and happy in her turquoise frock.

Now she wants to learn from your wife how to pick things up and wash crockery without resounding breakages. John and Peter were packed

Black Powder Hanged Two Men

STUART MARTIN on the Gutteridge Case

IT was really the fact that a bullet had been projected out of a gun by black powder that led Scotland Yard to get on the trail in what has been called "the Gutteridge case." The weapon used was an Army revolver; but black powder had not been used for his eyes had been shot out. This was what the detectives saw when they were rushed to the spot. But they saw more. There were car tracks on the road near where the body lay. So what? Obviously, P.C. Gutteridge had been shot to death when he was in the act of beginning a report, and was writing by the light of a car lamp.

I remember the Gutteridge case very well. Gutteridge was a policeman in the Essex Constabulary, the village cop of Stapleford Abbots. He was on his beat on the night of 27th September, 1927, patrolling the road from his village to Howe Green. At the latter place he expected to meet, as usual, policeman Taylor, who



Kennedy the tough.

came along from Chigwell road.

The two cops met about three o'clock in the morning, had their chat, and then turned for their respective homes. P.C. Gutteridge never reached his. About 6 a.m. his dead body was found a few hundred yards from where he had parted from Taylor.

His head was riddled with bullets. His notebook lay nearby. His clenched fingers still held his pencil. His flashlight was still in his pocket. His whistle hung from his tunic. There was no indication of a struggle. Both of his eyes had been shot out. This was what the detectives saw when they were rushed to the spot. But they saw more. There were car tracks on the road near where the body lay. So what? Obviously, P.C. Gutteridge had been shot to death when he was in the act of beginning a report, and was writing by the light of a car lamp.

The Essex Constabulary deduced this. They did more. They figured that Gutteridge had been first shot through the head and his eyes shot out afterwards. One bullet rolled out of his tunic when they lifted the body. Another bullet was found embedded in the ground. Talk about deliberate murder!

The Chief Constable of Essex telephoned Scotland Yard. Down to the scene in a fast car went Chief Inspector Berrett.

They called him "Bearded Berrett" at the Yard. It was he who had charge of the Baytree Road (Brixton) murder of Dickey, the taxi-man, four years previously. The Gutteridge case was to prove his best bit of work.

Berrett started off by making measurements and taking photographs. There had been a car all right, and the car had collided with a grassy bank. A large stone there had been only recently scratched. The net was thrown wide. The kernel of the situation was to establish why Gutteridge had been shot, and by whom.

It was a mixed bag the net drew first cast. An old lag who had been seen in the neighbourhood had been boasting that he was the chap who had killed Gutteridge. A little questioning soon showed that he had just been boasting. But this ex-convict had let himself in for something. He was

wanted for another offence, and was later sent down for three years in chokey. And so he vanished.

Other bogus confessions came in. One was from Basingstoke. This man was taken by police car to Romford, where he made a "confession." It was bally-hoo. The ass was an epileptic who had given himself up some time previously for another murder! He was shown the door.

Squads of police were combing wide areas, questioning tramps, householders, everybody. A doctor at Billericay reported that his car had been stolen the night before the murder. Description of the car was switched to every garage in London and elsewhere.

And then a little boy—ah, those little boys!—playing on the banks of the Thames at Hammersmith, found a revolver. The next day a tin box was found not far from where the revolver was found. In the little tin box were cartridges.

But when the Yard's gun-expert tested the revolver and the cartridges, he said the gun and the cartridges had no connection with the murder. But fingerprints were on the tin box. These were tested, too, and the file of twenty thousand and more prints on the records was raked. The search stopped when it was proved that the tin box had been lying about some time before the murder.

I mention all these matters show you what it is to be a detective looking for a murderer. There were enough "clues" supplied by the public to swamp any ordinary group of detectives.

But the doctor's car was found—in Brixton. It had been abandoned. Earth was taken from the wheels and compared with the earth of the grassy bank. Under one of the seats was found a cartridge case. Empty. The doctor was called and identified his car. Tests were made as to when the car had left its owner and when



The bullet—vital clue.

it was found in Brixton. A trial trip was made. The time taken was fairly satisfactory; it tallied close enough.

Now, the type of bullet that had been found on and near Gutteridge's body was known by the Yard experts to be obsolete. The wounds on Gutteridge's face and head showed that black powder had been used. Therefore, the killer had used an old-fashioned Army revolver. But where was the killer? Berrett, with all the theories and confusion kicked up by false clues and conjectures, found himself groping. But the killer's trail had led to Brixton, where it went to earth.

Berrett argued that this killer was a man of hardened criminality. The theft of the car showed that he was no novice. Gutteridge had been shot because the



Browne carried revolvers.

killer wanted to resist capture at all costs. Why? Probably because he was a known criminal.

Having come to this conclusion, Berrett began to dig into the files of the Criminal Record Office. These are very extensive files; and there on a record sheet was the name of a man who had been a convicted car thief; and, more than that, this man, on the record, was well acquainted with the part of Essex where the killing had taken place. The name of that man was Frederick Guy Browne.

(Continued on page 3)

Lights

WHEN we see our streets brilliantly lit once more, as they are again to-day, it is difficult to believe that there was a time when there were no street lamps.

Pall Mall was the first street of any city to be illuminated with gas. This experiment took place on January 28, 1807, and the Londoners who saw it felt they were taking their lives into their own hands.

Thousands stood at either end of the road, but hadn't the courage to walk its length. They had heard too much about the explosive power of the gas.

They had heard, too, that the pipes became so hot that they might explode. Even years after the sight of gas-lighted streets became commonplace, one could still see people in London furtively touching the pipes, just to be quite sure they were not getting hot.

The general lighting of London with gas commenced on Christmas Day, 1814, but it was years later that Queen Victoria was able to overcome her fear of it and allow Windsor Castle to be lighted with gas.

Gas lighting originally came about through a German named Winsor or Winsor, and fortunately he was not deterred by the derisive remarks passed about his idea.



"I must close now, darling, because I want to write a line to that lousy paper 'Good Morning' while I feel in the mood..."

The address, Sailor, is: c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

"I'm Ruined! My Poor Republic!"

"HOWDY," the white stranger drank deep to his health; but he said agreeably as he seated the American did not let the liquor even roll. His head ached and his eyes were painful. "These saloons are touch his lips. He pretended to eyes were painful. getting worse and worse every day. cough and lowered his hand. It was a small cabin, barely Port au Prince—that's neutral furnished, roughly wainscoted and ground—dirty. There were grease marks "Aw, cut it out! You'll soon over from Florida to get me." "How do you know all this, captain?" "I had a few words with the gentleman who's just left the cabin," laughed Silk. "He's quite bucked at the idea of having us under lock and key. Expects that one thousand pounds I suppose. Of course, he daren't man this hooker with real sailormen, so he has got a bunch of niggers on loan from the Haiti gunboat. There are two of them."

"Got you at last, Captain Silk! And your friend, too, whatever his name is! That stuff is doped fit to blind a horse!" He jumped to his feet and pulled out a gun; but he had no need to use it, for already the dope was working. The room spun round and round in front of Silk and his little friend, laughed the American. "They and there was a smile on Silk's say he belongs to little ole Noo face as he slid off his chair and Yawk. He can have his job for sank to the floor, his eyes closing all I care. Say, I have here some- helplessly. thing worth drinking—will you A little later Atilla went two join me? It bears the date down . . . of 1892—"

He poured out a little into his to the noise of a door slamming own glass and then filled up the and looked about him dazedly. captain's and Montgomery's. He was lying on the floor of a They raised their glasses and cabin which moved gently, sway-

Continuing "Brethren of the Main"

along one side of the room. A when you're charged with smug- rough table was ironed to the gling. In twenty hours you'll be in Florida. Are you ready for some grub? If so, I'll get these lashings off your hands."

"W'll take the grub, mister," said Silk, speaking for the first time. "Diplomacy don't go this time, Atilla." The American went out, closing the door behind him.

A groan escaped Atilla's lips as he scrambled to his feet and hobbled across to the bench. "Where are we, captain?" he moaned. "What is the meaning of this?"

"We're on an old bathtub bound for Florida, Atilla. We've just passed Gonave, and we'll be going through the Windward Passage soon. There's St. Marc." He nodded towards the port, through which the high cliffs of the mainland could be seen miles on the starboard. A few houses dotted amid the green verdure showed up gleaming white in the sunshine.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried Atilla, struggling into a sitting position, only to find that he was bound in the same way as the captain. "You have shanghai'd us—it's an outrage—" "Guessed it in once," laughed the man in white, as his teeth clicked. "Yep. You've been shanghai'd, for that was the only drink in the saloon. Don't you way I could get Silk. And we want remember the little schooner laying

The captain was gazing out of the port at the seas racing past the schooner. They were clear of the bay now and the waves had risen. The sun was sinking towards the sealine. Night was coming down rapidly. "If we only had our weapons," groaned Atilla, "but they've stripped us."

"Atilla, what'd I always tell you? Diplomacy ain't worth a row of beans when it comes to a showdown."

Atilla flared for a moment. "Seems t'me, captain, that you can't brag. You ain't got a knife to cut these ropes—"

"I got several, Atilla."

"What? Where are they?"

"My teeth. Stand up and hold out your wrists."

The little man did as he was told. There was a new expression in Silk's face. He seemed to have shaken off his lethargy and there was a grimness about his eyes that Atilla knew meant something.

It took some time before Silk had gnawed his way through the rope which bound his friend's wrists, but when it was done Atilla started to unloosen the captain's lashings. Then they worked loose those round their feet.

Darkness had come by the time they had finished. "Atilla, we'll wait until eight bells."

"What are you going to do, captain?"

"You'll see."

They sat huddled on the wooden bench waiting for the time to pass. Above them they heard the slatting of the sails and the scudding of the crew's bare feet on the planks as they moved to and fro at their work.

Intense blackness of the tropic night had spread over the sea when Silk moved from his position and glided towards the porthole.

He unscrewed the large steel

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QUIZ for today

Answers to Quiz in No. 747

1. Of what wood are the best chopping-blocks made? Hickory.
2. In what county is the Forest of Dean? Six.
3. The "yard" was originally decreed as the length of somebody's arm. Whose? Admiral Vernon (1745), who ordered his sailors to mix water with their rum, wore program breeches, and was called "Old Grog."
4. For what do the letters, A.R.A., stand for? Doctor of Laws.
5. If you knew a Mr. Claverhouse, how would you pronounce his name? Ko-burn.
6. 25 is a perfect square (5 X 5); others aren't.

Shades of Night

IF Good Queen Bess was cold in bed, it wasn't because she wore scanty nighties. There was nothing dainty about her bed-wear; indeed, at least one of her night-gowns would have made suitable dress for a cold winter's day. This was a nightie she ordered in 1588:

It was to be made from sixty-six "of the best sable skynnes," and when Elizabeth was wrapped in it she didn't need many blankets. Perhaps she found this sable nightdress a bit too hot, for records show that she changed to black velvet lined with fur and trimmed with lace, or purple velvet "frized on the backe syde with white and russet silke."

Apparently she was not only concerned for her own warmth in bed; she took some interest in the comfort of the Earl of Leicester.

For him she ordered fourteen yards of damask for "the makyne of a nyght-gown."

It is to be doubted whether he really needed such cosy night-wear, for he was credited with being a pretty warm lad.

Perhaps all this interest in cumbersome bed-wear was a reaction to the simpler fashions of previous ages. In the Middle Ages they had simplified this department of dress so successfully that the village maiden and the court lady went to bed in nothing at all.

It must have saved a lot of trouble, not to speak of expense.

One of the queerest fashions in which night-dress was concerned was in vogue during Queen Anne's reign. The ladies not only wore their nighties in bed, but went out walking with them covering their usual outdoor dress.

This gave rise to all sorts of ribaldry among the gentlemen, and the little boys were often extremely rude.

The innovation did not last long. It had served to show to what lengths women will go to be fashionable.

Night-caps were a common articles of the bedroom. They varied from the tall "candle-extinguisher" to the flat skull-cap. Often they were elegantly embroidered velvet or silk, trimmed with dainty lace.—D. N. K. BAGNALL.

Heard This Before?

When the name of the plaintiff was called out in court, much to everyone's amazement, he stood up in the jury-box.

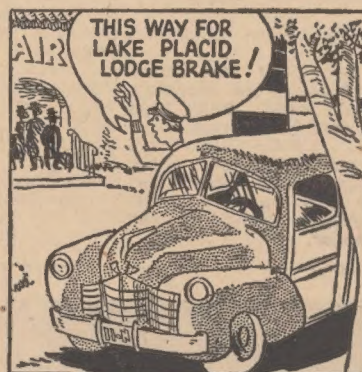
"What are you doing there?" snapped the clerk.

"I was called up to serve on the jury," was the meek reply.

"But you must have known you couldn't sit on a jury and try your own case!"

"I suppose not," admitted the plaintiff. "I did think it was a bit of luck."

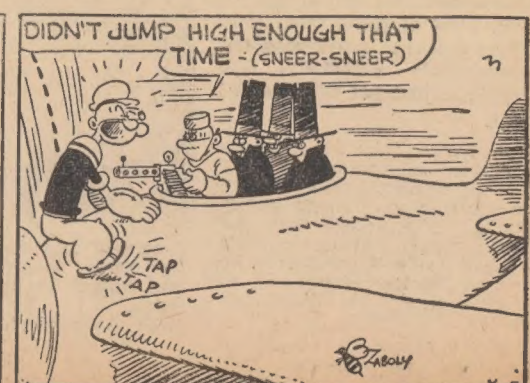
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 686

1. Behead a support and get a rowdy noise.
2. Insert the same letter 6 times and make sense of: Oasionalaidentswillour.
3. What word of six letters, meaning purpose or design, can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He glanced through the main news — in "The ——" while he had breakfast.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 685

1. B-RACE.
2. He fed his flocks from four to five.
3. ATHLETE.
4. Earn, near.

JANE

Brethren of the Main

(Continued from Page 2)

pin which held the circular window in position and swung it open. Slipping the pin into his pocket he mounted the bench and thrust his head out into the night. Then drew it back again.

"Atilla, I'm going on deck—" "Through the port? It's impossible—" "It's easy, if you know how. The Caribbean teaches folk things. I'll come down for you later."

It certainly seemed to be an impossible thing for a man of Silk's build to get through the port, but he did it, as the niggers do it, by laying his head along his arm and sloping his shoulders to the angle of his body.

It took him some time before he was clear, with only his legs inside the cabin.

Gradually one leg was drawn through, then the other, and only

his feet were balanced on the circle of brass. Then his feet disappeared, pulled upwards.

Silk was hanging on to the bulwarks by the beading of the woodwork. His fingers gripped the fastenings of the shrouds.

He hauled himself gently up and slid over to the deck and crouched down in the scuppers, his hand grasping the long screw of the porthole. It was more terrible as a weapon than a belaying-pin.

(To be continued).

Solution to Puzzle in No. 747.

1. d a C e s
2. c r E a m
3. p a N t s
4. p a T c h
5. t o U c h
6. w a R e s
7. d r Y l y

Gutteridge Case Finale

(Continued from Page 1)

Ha! thought Berrett, only a man who knew the by-ways could have shot that car from Howe Green to Brixton without being seen. And Browne had a small car business in Essex.

So Berrett swung round and reached out for Browne. But Browne was not to be found.

Weeks passed. All the time Berrett was watching, checking, inquiring with others of his staff. The Yard can afford to wait—and watch.

Well, they got him at last, as he returned from a motor-trip. He had opened a small garage business in the Battersea district, and he drove his car in, stepped out, and walked to the tiny office—and there he was in the hands of detectives who were ready for him.

His car was searched, and in it was a Webley revolver.

There were also in a package a number of surgical instruments. These had been taken from the doctor's car before mentioned. But Browne knew nothing of these things, not he! He blustered that it was a "set job"; but Berrett had other means of holding him.

Now Browne had, in a garage he had started, an assistant whom he generally alluded to as Pat. Berrett argued, again correctly, that like draws to like. He had no evidence with which to charge Browne with murder, but he wanted to see this man Pat. He didn't ask Browne. He got a man who had done some business with the garage and invited him to the Yard.

Once there, he turned over the records, with photographs, and the visitor spotted Pat. There he was, known to the Yard as Kennedy, a tough, who had a pretty murky rec-

ord, an ex-convict, and a gunman. As a matter of fact, Kennedy was very like that notorious Irish gangster of Chicago, Spike O'Donnell.

The search began for Kennedy. He had left lodgings in Wandsworth, was traced to Liverpool, and was believed to be in a lodging-house there. Sergeant Mattinson, of Liverpool, was on the job. He saw Kennedy leave the house and stepped up to him.

Kennedy in a flash drew a gun and jammed it into the sergeant's ribs, and pulled the trigger. By all the laws Mattinson should have died there. But the gun didn't bark. Kennedy had forgotten to release the safety catch!

He was taken, and there is no room to tell more than that both Kennedy and Browne went to the scaffold for the killing of P.C. Gutteridge.



RUGGLES



Home-grown Barrels

FORESTS and woodlands in Britain provided a great deal of the wood urgently needed for war purposes when supplies from Europe and the Scandinavian countries were cut off. Even the roadside copse made its contribution to the timber yard and workshop.

As in the previous war, great trees went crashing down as whole tracts of woodland were felled, and in some of the more isolated parts of the country the face of the landscape was changed.

But more often, forests and woods were only thinned, leaving enough trees to allow them to retain their usual appearance—at least, from a distance.

Plantations of larches yielded the wood for the tough skins of motor torpedo-boats' hulls, and the smaller trees of copses and spinneys provided those bundles of stakes used by tanks for the crossing of marshy ground, streams, and tank traps. Hazel saplings were cut down to form ships' fenders.

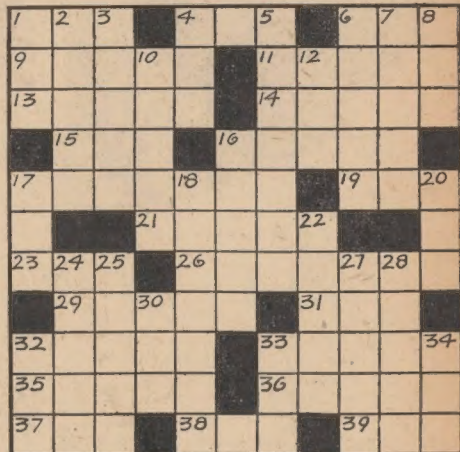
Perhaps the most interesting outcome of the use of home-grown timber for many purposes to which it had never been applied before was the making of barrels from English oak.

This wood had always been regarded as useless for the purpose, as it contained chemicals which reacted harmfully on liquids placed in barrels made from it.

War-time research showed that by treatment this defect could be eliminated.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

STAFF SPICE
M. HARBOUR M.
OBESE PRATE
COATED ETON
KID MISLEAD
L. RATTY D.
SILENCE SIP
KNAP HAMMER
AGNES RAISE
L. CATMINT S.
DUSTY NEEDS



JUST JAKE



- CLUES ACROSS.**—1 Sheep. 4 Reptile. 6 Halling cry. 9 Proverb. 11 Insect. 13 Whimpered. 14 Match. 15 Study. 16 Bird. 17 Commits to substitute. 19 Scottish county. 21 Auctions. 23 Unburnished. 26 Seed. 29 Chancy. 31 Cheat. 32 Amount to. 33 Bone. 35 Counterpart. 36 Obliterate. 37 Shallow vessel. 38 Name. 39 Boy in brief.
- CLUES DOWN.**—1 Light blow. 2 Bring out. 3 Lively dance. 4 Litter. 5 Consultant. 6 Bible Book. 7 Coming in. 8 Affirmative. 10 Kind. 12 Short turn. 16 Hindrance. 17 Obscure. 18 Grappled with. 20 Boy's name. 22 More secure. 24 Scent. 25 Huge person. 27 Lady. 28 Revile. 30 Droop. 32 Incline. 33 Month. 34 Colour.

Good
Morning



"I'm hard to get. All you have to do is ask me." This is likely to become sultry Lauren Bacall's signature line as long as she remains in pictures. It's a good line — but we doubt if Lauren lives up to it! We'll have to ask Mr. Humphrey Bogart about it.